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JANUARY / FEBRUARY 2023

PET OF THE YEAR PLAYOFF ISSUE

RAVISHING RING LEADERS! WRESTLING'S HOTTEST BABES

HOLEY MOLY! HOW LIV GOLF TEED OFF THE SPORTS WORLD

with
RENEE OLSTEAD
+
MIA HUFFMAN

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Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

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WINTER may be breezing through, but that doesn't mean things have been cooling down at Penthouse. Point in fact, this issue brings plenty of sizzle, offering up even more of what generations have loved about this legendary magazine—smoldering snapshots of quite simply the world's most beautiful women!

We kick off 2023 with January's Pet, ravishing Renee Olstead. This effervescent beauty has earned an enviable entertainment resume—and is graced by even more enviable looks. Check out her interview to see this talented stunner prove she also comes blessed with brains and a quick wit. Renee's pictorial begins on page 58, so be prepared to feast your eyes (and your brain) on her considerable charms. Our second Pet of the issue, February's Mia Huffman, combines a sassy side with pure natural beauty. As this California girl shares what makes her tick, you might keep an eye on that smart watch to try and avoid your pulse racing. Turn to page 78 to see more of marvelous Mia.

Speaking of Pets, fan favorites Tahlia Paris (page 34) and Tru Kait (page 40) take us on the road with them as they broaden our horizons by sharing their unique international exploits. Not everyone travels equally, you see.

Naturally, we do not stop there. Having attracted more than 2.5 million fans on Instagram, beguiling brunette and Penthouse Social Premier Ana Paula Saenz debuts on page 24. One look will be all it takes to understand her popularity perfectly, even if you do not speak Spanish. Then we also feature our latest Cyber Cutie, Anais A (page 14)—a wild child who considers her Penthouse adventure as proof she can be up for anything. Not stopping there, we've also rounded up some year-end highlights from 2022—in the form of our perfect Pets. Peruse our gorgeous gallery of images as we gear up for our Penthouse Pet of the Year Playoff (page 44). Keep an eye out for the upcoming Pet of the Year issue, in which we'll announce our new queen.

For the more cerebral, we have naturally included some thought-provoking articles. We begin with a look at upstart circuit LIV Golf (page 8), which has sparked avid controversy and changed the status quo of the entire professional sports landscape. And don't miss Warrior Wire columnist Jasper Craven (page 74) as he examines gun safety initiatives, which aim to reduce veteran suicides.

Consider this a break from frosty life, providing just enough heat to keep you coming back. Settle in. We may have just redefined cozy. Enjoy!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

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FEATURE

LIV GOLF

THE BOGEYMEN

BRASH UPSTART LIV GOLF TEED OFF THE SPORTS WORLD, CHALLENGED THE STATUS QUO—AND KEEPS ON SWINGING

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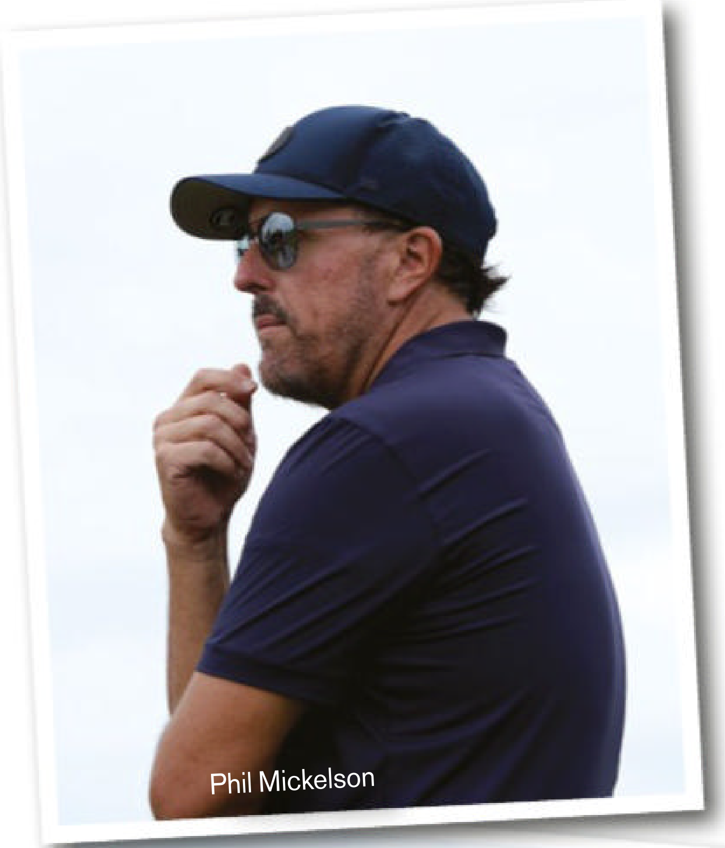


Phil Mickelson

LIV GOLF
DON'T BLINK

THE inaugural season of the LIV Golf Invitational Series is in the books with Dustin Johnson earning an $18 million first prize as individual champion. But out of the gate, the startup had rattled the PGA Tour's cage by luring 20 of the top 100 players in the world—including nine major champions—with huge signing bonuses and guaranteed cash for all golfers participating in events. However, LIV has also received backlash from critics who've bristled at its financial backers, Saudi Arabia's Public Investment Fund, because of the Middle Eastern nation's human rights record.

But love it or hate it, LIV has likely made a permanent mark on a sport once associated with genteel gentlemen and country club airs.

For decades, the PGA has dominated professional golf with its regulated tournaments and traditional stroke play. But LIV charged onto the scene in 2022 with a brand-new format, boasting captain-led teams and three rounds of play—instead of the PGA's four—and its strikingly different payout system.

The PGA has more than 100 golfers in most of its tourneys, which cut about 50 percent of the lowest performers after the initial two rounds. That's not the case with LIV. With only 48 golfers, all players compete from the start of the first round until the end of the third—unless they withdraw.

In addition, standard PGA tournaments shoot 72 holes, while LIV sticks with 54—hence its name, which is the Roman numeral for the number. In both circuits, players with the least number of strokes are considered winners. However, the entities' contests differ greatly in how they begin. On the PGA Tour, the field starts on the same hole or on two different holes at staggered tee times. But LIV uses shotgun starts, which has golfers starting at the same time, but on different tees. LIV has also introduced the concept of teams, currently consisting of 12 four-man groups. Each regular season event is two simultaneous competitions—as players' scores go toward individual and team totals.

The chasm between the two factions is also vast when it comes to prize money.

Each 2022 LIV event had a purse of $25 million—with $20 million going to individual golfers and $5 million going to teams. As there are no eliminations in LIV events, every player earns a paycheck. The same can't be said for the PGA, in which only players who make the cut walk off with part of a smaller overall total. For example, the entire 2022 Masters pool was $15 million—$3.5 million more than the Georgia contest's previous incarnations, but still lower than LIV's average moneypot.

For a sweet ending, the LIV team championship, held as the eighth and final event of the season at Trump National Doral Golf Club in Miami, had a $50 million purse—with $16 million going to captain Dustin Johnson and his winning 4 Aces team, consisting of Talor Gooch, Patrick Reed and Pat Perez.

Some of the other major names who played LIV's tourneys included Phil Mickelson, Bryson DeChambeau, Brooks Koepka and Sergio Garcia. However, there's one familiar face who refused LIV's invitation—and their reported signing offer of $700 to $800 million—Tiger Woods.

Woods, who's said to have a net worth of more than $1 billion, has decried the so-called easy money of LIV and asks, "What is the incentive to practice and earn it in the dirt?"

He also insists, "I know what the PGA Tour stands for and what we have done and what the Tour has given us—the ability to chase after our careers and to earn what we get and the trophies we have been able to play for and the history that has been a part of this game."

But not everyone agrees that the old ways should be set in stone. In fact, LIV's mission statement crows the aim of the tour is "to modernize and supercharge the game of professional golf through expanded opportunities for both players and fans alike."

Meanwhile, legendary linksman Greg Norman, LIV's CEO, has hit back at criticism over the tour's hefty purses being filled with Saudi money and LIV players being banned at some PGA events, which he says smacks of "hypocrisy." Norman also admits he's "blown away" by some sponsors dropping professional golfers for joining LIV because of its Saudi ties—despite having themselves done billions of dollars in business in the Gulf state kingdom.

"The PGA Tour, I think, has about 27 sponsors who do 40-plus billion dollars worth of annual business in Saudi Arabia," he says.

CREDIT: GETTY / SHUTTERSTOCK

Greg Norman

"Why doesn't the PGA Tour call the CEOs of [these businesses] saying that we can't do business with you because you are doing business with Saudi Arabia? Why are they picking on the professional golfers?"

Norman took another swing at the PGA by claiming it has long had a "monopoly" and is unwilling to make room for another high-profile U.S. golf tour—and will rabidly protect its turf.

"They just want to shut us down whatever way they can," he gripes. "So they will use whatever leverage point they can."

Despite the controversy, Norman remains bullish on LIV's future and says, "They're not going to shut us down because the product is speaking for itself. We have, almost on a daily basis, we get calls every day from players [saying] 'I want in.'"

As LIV gears up for 2023, sources say company brass are intent on nailing down U.S. TV deals—as last season's play was only available on LIVGolf.com and YouTube—and plan to continue drawing top talent.

"Quite honestly, the players on the outside looking in to see what's happening with LIV today, these guys still talk to each other, right? The ones on LIV feel like they have been liberated. There are players on the PGA Tour that we're speaking to today that want to be liberated," Norman says.

LIV Golf's second season will tee off in February and expand to 14 tournaments with the total prize money swelling to a whopping $405 million, insiders share.

"I just love the game so much, and I want to grow the game of golf," says Norman.

"We at LIV see that opportunity not just for the men but for the women. We at LIV see it for NCAA and younger generations. We at LIV see it as a pathway to opportunities for the kids to experience a new [world] out there.

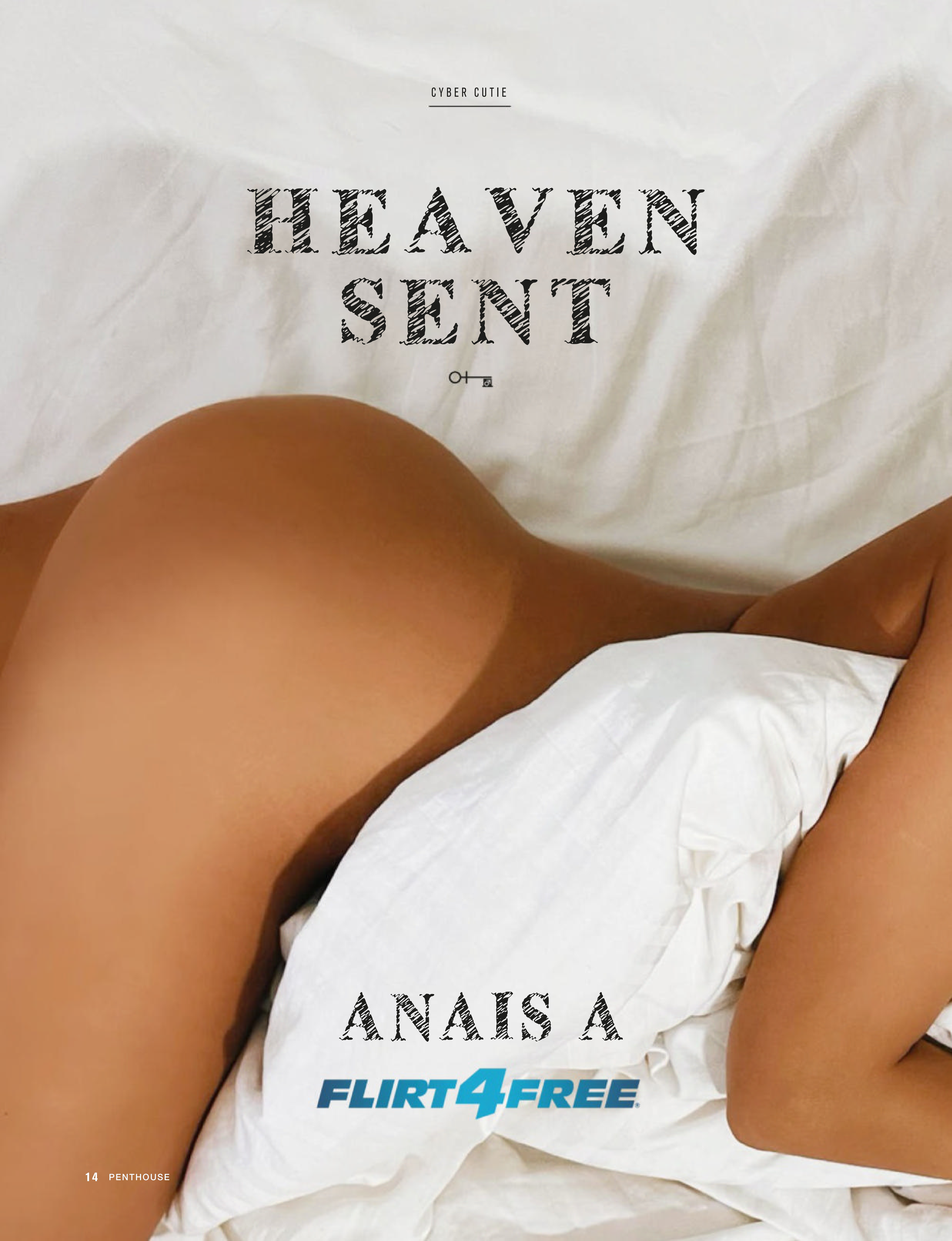
"LIV is the future of golf." ❶

“LIV IS THE FUTURE OF GOLF,” SAYS CEO GREG NORMAN

Dustin Johnson

Bryson DeChambeau

Cameron Smith, left, and Dustin Johnson at the 18th hole during the LIV Golf Team Championship



HEAVEN SENT

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Anais

ANAIS A

ANGELIC camgirl Anais A is a green-eyed goddess, who easily brings the fantasies of her many fans to life. The lens loves this smoldering temptress, and her incendiary gaze certainly lights our fire.

Our dynamic Cyber Cutie has earned rave reviews from her global online audience. Many praise her beautiful face, sensual body and amazing personality, which instantly puts her viewers at ease. In fact, one gentleman gushes, "Anais is sweet, kind, considerate, fun, sexy and just plain gorgeous!"

But don't think the blonde beauty takes herself too seriously! She's the first to admit, "I can laugh at everything—including myself!"

Like any lovely lady, Anais loves being spoiled, but she can also be easy to please.

"I may say that I don't care about little things," she shares. "But the truth is I do, and I often find myself being happy with simple things, like the smell of fresh rain or warm coffee in the morning."

And we can't think of anyone better to wake up to than utterly awesome Anais!

What's your favorite rainy day activity?
I love to snuggle in bed and keep myself warm with a cozy blanket—and my hottest fantasies.

How do you like to relax at home?
I'll dress in some sexy lingerie, pour myself a glass of wine and put on some music.

How would you describe your personality?
I can be a bit of a wild child. My interest can be piqued for just about anything—if you hype me up.

What is your motto?
Be the light, and people will follow!

AGE: 26
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 36C-25-35
NATIVE COUNTRY: Romania
WEBSITE: anais-a.flirt4free.com

ALEXA BLISS

MANDY ROSE

SPORTS

FEMME FATALES

FIERCE AND FABULOUS, THESE BEAUTIES RULE THE RING. BY JENNIFER PETERS

WHETHER they're the heels or the faces, the women of wrestling always bring the tits and ass. For decades, gorgeous female grapplers have been a huge draw for the sport—for their moves as well as their looks. We've rounded up the 10 hottest babes of the WWE, all of whom could take you down and make you say "thank you" for doing it!

ALEXA BLISS
Blonde bombshell Bliss signed to the WWE in 2013 at age 22 with no wrestling experience. Since then, she's used her fierce fighting style to acquire a wardrobe of championship belts. She was the first two-time Women's SmackDown Champion, shares the first two-time Women's Tag Team Champion title with partner Nikki Cross, and is the WWE's second Women's Triple Crown Champion. Not to mention, she can draw a cat-eye sharp enough to kill a man.

AOIFE VALKYRIE
After getting her start in Irish pro wrestling, Valkyrie signed with the WWE in 2020 and quickly became a star. Often appearing in the ring as a bit of a dark angel—or, appropriately, a raven—Valkyrie is more of a fighter than her sweet smile would imply. She started her WWE career undefeated, and while she hasn't remained so, she's kept the heels she fights on their toes.

B-FAB
B-Fab, also known as Briana Brandy, joined the WWE in 2019, after making music and touring with acts such as Soulja Boy and Too $hort. Following several years as a solo act, she joined Hit Row—a wrestling crew with similar musical interests—in 2021. A strong opponent in rhymes and in the ring, beautiful B-Fab briefly left the WWE in late 2021 to focus on her music but soon returned to the sport's roster.

CORA JADE
Cutie Cora joined the WWE in 2021, but she made her indie wrestling debut in 2018, just before her 18th birthday. This baby-faced fighter may look innocent, but she's ruthless in the ring. Known for her famous pump kick finishing move, there isn't anyone she won't take down—including her former BFF Roxanne Perez, who she destroyed in a recent NXT match. While Cora has no bad angles, we still plan to stay on her good side.

EMMA (FKA TENILLE DASHWOOD)
Down Under darling Emma made her professional debut in Pro Wrestling Australia at 16. An injury would later

CORA JADE

RONDA ROUSEY

sideline her for two years, but in 2011, she signed with the WWE at 22. Since then, she's gained the nickname "The Dancing Queen" for her victory boogie, created her signature move, the Emma Lock (an inverted Indian deathlock facelock), and won over a legion of fans.

ISLA DAWN

This bonnie lass got her start in the WWE's U.K. brands before fighting her way stateside in November 2022. A feisty redhead with a wicked streak, Dawn is a natural heel—and a damn fine one, too. She keeps her opponents on their toes with a combination of strong, solid kicks and a unique brand of psychological warfare. While she may be new to the American audience, her foreign fans agree this is one witchy woman you'd be a *fuckin' bampot* to mess with!

IYO SKY

Sky went pro in Japan, but her wrestling career has taken her around the globe—from Mexico, to her native country's World Wonder Ring Stardom and now the U.S. for the WWE. Though she has an infectious smile and alluring look, she's also made more than her fair share of enemies. In 2012, a fellow Japanese wrestler admitted to planting drugs in Sky's belongings to get revenge on Sky's then-partner, a fellow wrestler.

KATANA CHANCE

Chance is a triple threat. She began her athletic career as a Junior Olympic and NCAA gymnast through school, then competed on *American Ninja Warrior*, and finally made her WWE debut in 2018. A diminutive five feet tall, Chance is small but "Mighty" (one of her wrestling nicknames), and while she's sexy as hell, when we tell you not to take your eyes off her, it's for your safety and not your sensual pleasure.

MANDY ROSE

An Irish-Italian New Yorker who grew up with three older brothers, Rose is a natural in the ring. A champion in fitness and bikini competitions before joining the WWE, she's had no trouble kicking ass and take names. Since 2015, Rose has won the U.S. and U.K. NXT Women's Championships, formed some winning partnerships, and played a key role in one of SmackDown's most entertaining love triangles.

RONDA ROUSEY

The toughest woman in combat sports, Rousey was the first American woman to medal in Olympic judo, was one of the first women to take part in a UFC fight, and was the first woman inducted into the UFC Hall of Fame—all before joining the WWE. Since making her way from the octagon to the ring, "Rowdy" Rousey has headlined a Pay-Per-View WWE match, won three championship titles, and proven time and again that there isn't a competitor alive who she can't hold her own against.

CREDIT: GETTY

TROPICAL HEAT

ANA PAULA SAENZ

ANA PAULA SAENZ

ALLURING beauty Ana Paula Saenz is a hugely popular online influencer, and it's easy to see why. Our Social Premier has amassed an Instagram audience of more than 2.5 million by posting her stunning photos. With her smoldering eyes, sensual lips and phenomenal curves, Ana is utterly gorgeous, and her flirtatious nature never fails to captivate her fans. Now, this stunning Mexican-born model is gracing the pages of *Penthouse*.

The former makeup artist puts her skills to good use while creating her camera-ready looks, but she's also an ambitious dreamer. Ana says she works hard to prove to herself that she's better every day than she was yesterday. We applaud her drive, but it must be hard to improve on such perfection!

FAST FACTS

- Her dream getaway: "India, so I can see the Taj Mahal."
- Her favorite way to relax: Meditating on the beach
- Number of pillows she sleeps with: Three
- Her ideal man: "He's powerful and has a strong personality. He's also loyal and intelligent."
- How long it takes her to get ready in the morning: "Ten minutes—I don't like to waste time."
- Her favorite animals: Sharks
- Her celebrity crush: Drake

AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5′7″
MEASUREMENTS: 32B-28-46
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Ana Paula
Saenz

TAHLIA PARIS IS ON THE MOVE

TWO TRIPS ARE TWICE AS NICE!

FOOTLOOSE Tahlia Paris doesn't pass up an opportunity to have some fun! The model and DJ took a red-eye flight to the Sunshine State with her DJ manager, Sierra, for a last-minute music booking in Orlando, and her journey was a whirlwind of work and play. Our February 2022 Penthouse Pet explains, "There was pretty much no time to sleep on this trip!"

Despite landing in the wee hours, the pair headed out for breakfast to talk about the plan for the evening's event, and Tahlia confides, "Usually on the day of gigs, I'm so excited and pumped up I can't sleep anyway!"

In between planning and prepping for that night, the playful exhibitionist still made sure to snap some sexy shots—and we sure do appreciate the effort!

After nightfall, Tahlia pregamed at a local bar by downing a couple drinks—and kept the buzz going at the venue with some shots! She admits, "I'm a tequila kind of gal."

The dynamic DJ says, "I hit the stage as the main performer from midnight to 1:30 a.m., and I had the best time! It was all college students, so they went WILD!"

The next morning, energetic Tahlia and her pal continued their party by visiting Disney World. She says, "I hopped out of bed, put on my best MILF outfit and headed to the Magic Kingdom. We had a great time!"

Next, to celebrate turning 26 Tahlia took a girls' trip to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, and says she was joined by "all the amazing women in my life."

She explains, "Once we arrived in Cabo, I literally threw my stuff in a room and put on the first bikini I could find and went straight to the pool! We had our own house in Pedregal, which is a gated neighborhood there. It's beautiful."

The morning of her big day, Tahlia says chefs came over and cooked "amazing" meals. She adds, "Breakfast in Mexico just hits different!"

The celebration continued at Mango Deck, which she says is a "fun day party place" in Cabo.

"Later that night we went to dinner at a great restaurant. For the rest of the trip, we mostly just tanned and hung out at the pool during the day and enjoyed the jacuzzi at night," says Tahlia.

"I practically lived in a bikini the whole week, which is pretty much a dream for me!"

INSTAGRAM: **@tahliaparis**
WEBSITE: **thetahliaparis.com**

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with RENEE OLSTEAD + MIA HUFFMAN

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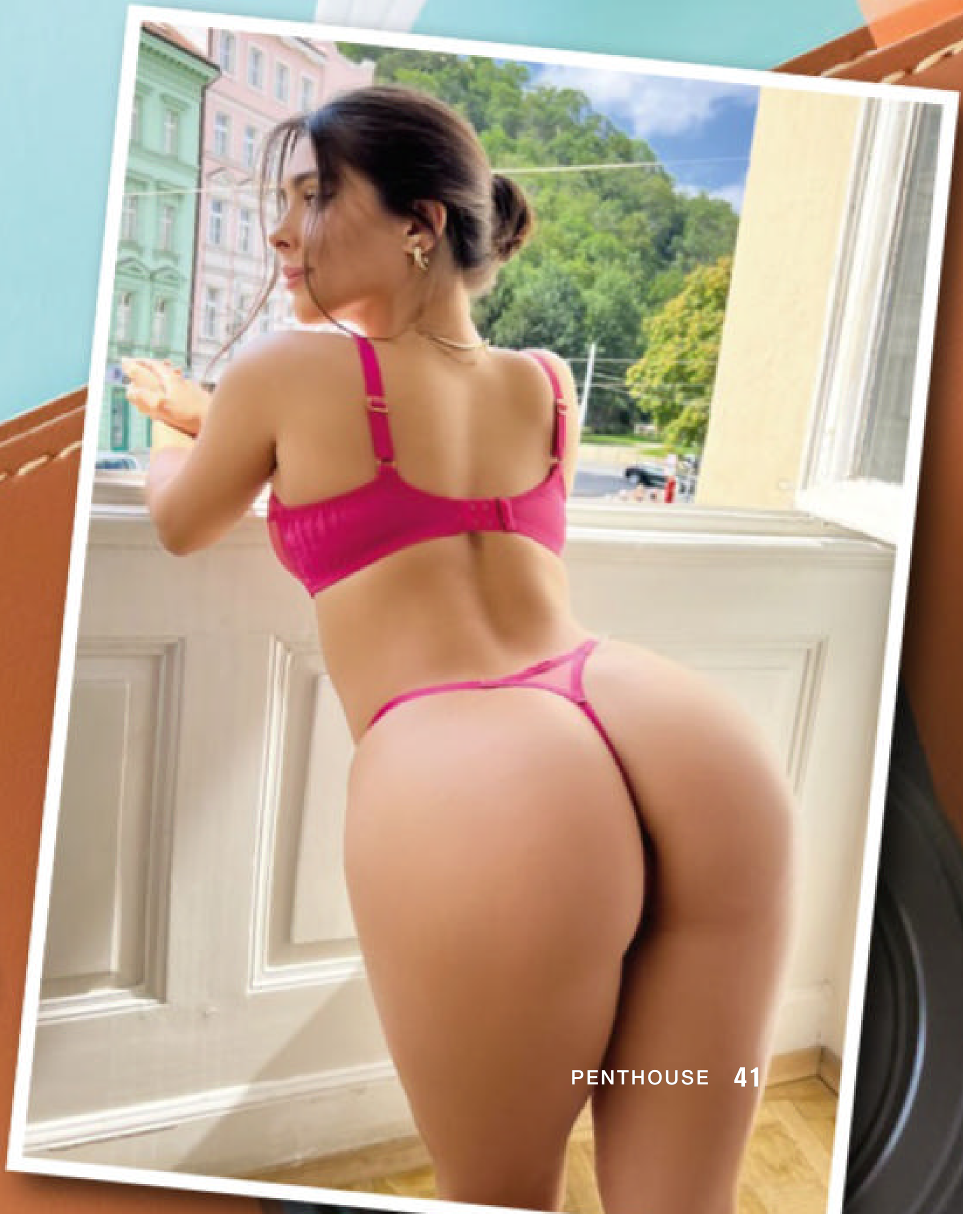

GORGEOUS globe-trotter Tru Kait turns up the heat everywhere she goes, and not long ago, she raised temperatures in several European countries! Our May 2021 Penthouse Pet visited the Czech Republic, Spain, Greece and Italy and calls her adventures "incredible." But the beguiling brunette can't play favorites and explains all of her destinations were "equally beautiful" and had their own "unique culture."

She shares, "I spent most of my time in Prague as it's been a home base for me each summer for the past three years.

"Every day, after waking up I walked to Café Savoy, which is my favorite place to get a delicious coffee and breakfast. Afterward, I headed to the gym to work out with my trainer. Then I took the train back home and got ready to shoot content.

"When I wasn't filming, I chatted with my fans on my exclusive site, posted on my socials and clip sites, and planned future content shoots."

Though Tru Kait made sure to stay connected with her devoted following, it wasn't all work and no play for the curvy cutie.

She says, "In my free time, I met up with friends who live in Prague or who were visiting, went to pubs to have a beer, found new cafés and shops, walked around and explored parks and farmers markets—and enjoyed views of the breathtaking city." ●

INSTAGRAM: **@tru.kait**
WEBSITE: **linktr.ee/TruKait**

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with VERONICA PERASSO + AMBER ROSE
with AMBER ROSE + VERONICA PERASSO

MSPUIYI
January 2022

AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5'5"
MEASUREMENTS: 32D-20-28
NATIVE COUNTRY: Malaysia
INSTAGRAM: @ms_puiyi

AGE: 26
HEIGHT: 5'5"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DDD-25-35
HOMETOWN: Santa Barbara, Calif.
INSTAGRAM: @tahliaparis

Tahlia Paris February 2022

AGE: 27
HEIGHT: 5'3"
MEASUREMENTS: 34DD-24-30
HOMETOWN: The Bronx, N.Y.
INSTAGRAM: @stormimaya

Stormi Maya
March 2022

AGE: 28
HEIGHT: 5'5"
MEASUREMENTS: 34B-24-35
HOMETOWN: Kernersville, N.C.
INSTAGRAM: @Laurenannsworld

Lauren Ann
April 2022

AGE: 22
HEIGHT: 5'3"
MEASUREMENTS: 32C-26-33
HOMETOWN: Chicago, Ill.
INSTAGRAM: @trippie.bri

Trippie Bri May 2022

AGE: 30
HEIGHT: 5'8"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DDD-26-34
HOMETOWN: Newport Beach, Calif.
INSTAGRAM: @thealexkay

Alex Kay
June 2022

AGE: 21
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 34D-27-34
NATIVE COUNTRY: Poland
INSTAGRAM: @littlepolishangel1

Destiny Rose July 2022

AGE: 27
HEIGHT: 5'1"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-22-34
HOMETOWN: Denver, Colo.
TWITTER: @itsurbabysitter

Ashleigh Skies August 2022

AGE: 26
HEIGHT: 5'7"
MEASUREMENTS: 32B-25-35
HOMETOWN: Lawrenceville, Ga.
INSTAGRAM: @kaylee_killion

Kaylee Killion
September 2022

AGE: 23
HEIGHT: 5’10”
MEASUREMENTS: 32DD-25-27
HOME STATE: Maryland
INSTAGRAM: @Linsey99Forever

Linsey Donovan
October 2022

AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5'1"
MEASUREMENTS: 32DDD-21-35
NATIVE COUNTRY: Venezuela
INSTAGRAM: @veronicaperasso

Veronica Perasso
November 2022

AGE: 34
HEIGHT: 5'10"
MEASUREMENTS: 32C-25-36
HOMETOWN: Wichita, Kan.
INSTAGRAM: @amberoxrose

Amber Rose December 2022

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JANUARY PET OF THE MONTH

WILD WILD WEST

RENEE OLSTEAD

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

Renee Olstead

RENEE OLSTEAD

BUSTY beauty Renee Olstead is an accomplished actress and singer, and now she can add Penthouse Pet to her resume! Television fans may recognize the talented Texan as Lauren Miller from the sitcom *Still Standing*, but she's also appeared in numerous movies, including the 2014 thriller *Unfriended*, and released acclaimed albums—such as her self-titled debut which boasts the Grammy-nominated "Summertime."

During her down time, our January Pet says she enjoys being with friends, tackling her DIY projects, seeing live music and going to vintage car shows and flea markets. And when it comes to romance, this opinionated woman definitely knows what she wants—a guy who's engaging, driven, curious, thoughtful and honest. But her ideal date can be as simple as a living room dance party or drinks at a local dive bar.

Renee reveals she's most proud of her drive and resiliency, traits which have served her well. This mistress of reinvention certainly has the world at her feet—and we can't wait to see what she does next!

When are you happiest?
When I accomplish one of the weird little goals I set for myself.

What's a hidden talent that people don't know you have?
Home renovation.

If you could only eat one meal for the rest of your life, what would it be?
It's a dead heat between tacos and pizza.

How would you describe your personality?
I'm a goddamn delight.

Do you have a nickname?
No, but I'm very down to workshop this concept further.

If you could choose to do anything for a day, what would it be?
Time travel.

Where do you see yourself in five years?
Hopefully, I'll be doing more writing.

Who knows you the best?
My dog—he's seen some things.

AGE: 33
HEIGHT: 5'3"
MEASUREMENTS: 32E-24-35
HOMETOWN: Houston, Texas
TWITTER: @renee_olstead
INSTAGRAM: @xorenee
WEBSITE: xorenee.com

"I'm a goddamn delight!"

-Renee

TO SEE MORE EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS OF

RENEE OLSTEAD

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A DEADLY CRISIS

FIREARMS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THOUSANDS OF VETERAN SUICIDES—BUT NEW INITIATIVES AIM TO PREVENT MORE TRAGEDIES. **BY JASPER CRAVEN**

JASON Zimmerman was born and raised in a rural Tennessee town with a strong hunting culture. He got his first firearm—a BB gun—from his parents at age seven. On his 12th birthday, his grandfather gifted him a shotgun and enlisted him in firearm safety courses.

"In my childhood, I saw firearms as a tool to help you sustain your family, put food on the table, get you through the lean times," he said.

After Zimmerman enlisted as an Army medic in the late '90s, guns took on another purpose: "My firearm was a tool. It just served a different function: to keep me, and the guys to my left and right, safe."

His service featured tough deployments to Bosnia, Honduras and Iraq.

Now a civilian, Zimmerman today owns 17 firearms, including an AR-15, an AK-47, and seven pistols. While he once thought his guns would provide a sense of comfort post-service, his relationship to them has fundamentally changed.

The trouble started after returning home, when Zimmerman started showing symptoms of PTSD and depression. After bagging and dressing his first post-deployment buck, he felt a flashback to the battlefield and had to stop.

"In all honesty, having my hands in that much blood again was too much," he said. "I couldn't do it."

Zimmerman reached a crisis point in February 2012, when his best friend from the 82nd Airborne Division, who'd saved his life in combat, killed himself. Zimmerman had spent hours on the phone with his buddy during his mental health crisis. He hung up thinking a calamity was averted, only to wake the next morning to news of his pal's death. After this, Zimmerman became depressed, withdrawn and decided he, too, would shoot himself on the one-year anniversary of his friend's suicide.

Fortunately, soon afterward he reconnected with a former schoolmate who saved his life. The two fell in love, got married and had kids. Zimmerman still struggles with PTSD and depression, and he hasn't been hunting in years. He enjoys shooting guns at a firing range with veteran buddies, but he can no longer escape the truth of their lethality. Their outsize role in American violence was made even clearer to Zimmerman when a series of violent threats at his daughter's high school repeatedly forced her and her classmates into lockdown.

"During the most recent threat, I drove into the grocery store parking across the street from her school," he said. "I texted her, 'It's OK, peanut. I'm here. If something terrible happens, I'm here.'"

A few years ago, Zimmerman took a job at Johnson City's Tennessee Veterans Affairs Medical Center. Specifically, he serves in a counseling role created through a suicide prevention law named after Clay Hunt, a vet who took his life with a gun. Zimmerman's innovative work on safe storage of firearms among veterans led to his being tapped as a core member of former President Donald Trump's veteran suicide prevention lethal means task force. The initiative broke significant political ground by affirming, in part, that "effective suicide prevention is voluntary reduction in the ability to access lethal means with respect to time, distance and convenience."

For decades, public health researchers have endeavored to understand America's complex

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“SECOND AMENDMENT ADVOCATES ARE INEXORABLY ALTERING THE FIREARM SUICIDE PREVENTION LANDSCAPE.”

relationship with firearms, given their use for hunting and home protection, yet also being the most common means used in the unyielding suicide crisis. Within the firearm community that last topic was a third rail, facing seemingly insurmountable resistance from the National Rifle Association (NRA), which insisted “the use of firearms in suicide is not relevant.”

But in the last dozen years, a growing constellation of Second Amendment advocates who experienced the pain of losing someone close to a firearm suicide have successfully countered this position—that not only is there a connection between access and suicide, but that much can be done to address it head-on.

This network includes Zimmerman, but also Ralph Demicco, a New Hampshire gun shop owner, who launched the national Gun Shop Project after three customers in a week died by suicide within hours of purchase; Joe Bartozzi, president of the National Shooting Sports Foundation (NSSF), who endured a close colleague’s suicide and has co-branded strategic initiatives with the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention; Steve Eliason, a Republican Utah lawmaker, who authored pioneering gun safety legislation after three children at his son’s middle school died by suicide; Alan Gottlieb, founder of the Second Amendment Foundation, along with Brett Bass, a retired Marine who lost a number of battle buddies to suicide, and Jennifer Stuber, whose husband, Matt, shot and killed himself, and who effectively lobbied the Washington State legislature for wide-ranging firearm suicide prevention programs.

These and other Second Amendment advocates have built projects that are inexorably altering the firearm suicide prevention landscape. Perhaps the most compelling demonstration that a sea change is occurring within the firearm community came in a 2022 firearm suicide prevention summit, whose attendees included the U.S. Concealed Carry Association and gun manufacturers Smith & Wesson and Glock Inc. The meeting was convened by Dr. Matthew Miller, the director of the Department of Veterans Affairs’ Suicide Prevention Program, a veteran and avid gun collector, who lost his best friend to suicide during his last year in the Air Force.

Previous federal work on this issue has been hamstrung by inaction and ineffective policies. In numerous instances, promising programs have been shuttered or scaled back due to political pressure. At times, the VA has also restricted gun rights for veterans carrying dishonorable discharge classifications or evidence of poor financial decision-making. (These poorly conceived and articulated policies resulted in a years-long, highly effective offensive against the VA from the NRA and other firearm lobbyists.)

New and ongoing initiatives have been far more successful. VA leaders and their allies, for instance, quietly forged partnerships with major gun groups and firearms figures, including the National Shooting Sports Foundation, sport shooter Chris Cheng, and, in one case, a state chapter of the NRA. In 2018, the VA held the first of its kind innovation challenge for safe firearm storage, which led to the production of numerous design innovations now being developed and produced.

Advocates are also looking to pioneering projects in other countries. After Switzerland greatly reduced the size of its military in the early ’00s, for instance, the number of households with guns shrank, as did the suicide rate among men. In 2006, the Israeli Defense Forces banned soldiers from taking guns home on weekends, and the suicide rate among young men decreased by 40 percent.

Zimmerman routinely sees the tragic effects of America’s unparalleled suicide crisis and hopes this new movement can make change.

“It’s hard not to shake a tree these days and find someone not impacted by suicide or gun violence,” he said. “That really bothers me.”

Read more of Jasper Craven’s work at battleborne.substack.com

CREDIT: ADOBE STOCK

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FEBRUARY PET OF THE MONTH

SKATER GIRL

MIA HUFFMAN

PHOTOGRAPHER
AARON SOLORZANO

PENTHOUSE

Mia Huffman

MIA HUFFMAN

SASSY Mia Huffman has a passion for modeling that comes through in every shot, and the free-spirited stunner's uninhibited enthusiasm makes her the perfect choice for February's Penthouse Pet. The confident cutie also has an independent streak—and a limitless sense of adventure. She reveals her ideal date would be a private flight to a remote island for an amazing dinner and time by the ocean—but her partner better be ready to keep up with her!

The California girl admits she's long been in "awe" of the gorgeous women who've appeared in our magazine. But from what we can see, this natural wonder is every bit deserving of the honor—and we think you'll agree!

What is your favorite thing about your hometown?
I absolutely love spending time by the water and enjoying the nature around Huntington Beach. It was the perfect place for me growing up, being able to spend time along the coast and visit the other nearby beach cities.

What do you like to do in your spare time?
I love cooking, learning new recipes from different cultures and making baked goods. I also love animals and try to donate time to local shelter groups.

How do you mentally prepare for a nude photo shoot?
I just remind myself how absolutely stunning I am!

Do you collect anything?
I sort of became a pet collector. I have two cats and one dog. But I do collect boudoir books. I have been slowly growing my collection from different photographers.

How would you describe your personality?
Outgoing and exciting. I am the person who wants to chat with everyone and dance around.

What gets you in trouble?
Being too naughty in public! ●

AGE: 20
HEIGHT: 5'1"
MEASUREMENTS: 30C-23-28
HOME COUNTRY: Huntington Beach, Calif.
TWITTER: @prettybitchmia
INSTAGRAM: @miahuffmann
WEBSITE: hoo.be/miahuffman

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MIA HUFFMAN
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FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

EURO ORGY

HANNAH and I didn't have much money, but during our 20s we scraped together enough cash for airfare and went to Europe. We got hold of a couple of Eurail Passes and went shooting off around the continent without a care, an itinerary or reliable places to sleep.

We were like carefree vagabonds. With translation apps on our phones and a lot of flirty smiling, we got along just fine. Everywhere we went, we met the coolest, most interesting people.

Hannah and I also naturally had it in mind to seize some European cock.

We'd already had some amazing adventures. In fact, as our train rocked along, we were sprawled out in seats opposite each other in a kind of postcoital stupor from our first few European weeks.

Lush, lascivious memories swam through our heads. I knew I'd stored away sexual recollections I would hold dear for the rest of my life.

In a midsize city, a handsome man had picked me up in an outdoor café and brought me back to his nearby apartment. We screwed on his creaky bed for something like an hour—until he heard the front door open, grabbed his clothes and went bounding out to intercept his wife. I dressed, scared but quietly giggling, and had to sneak out while he was busy distracting her in a language I didn't know. He frantically waved me toward the door when she had her back turned.

Hannah had gotten into the swing as well. She had convinced a fresh-faced delivery boy to let her ride on the back of his scooter. She told me she'd only had to grope him once or twice to get him to pull over, spirit her into an alleyway off a main road, and fuck her like crazy up against a brick wall.

Our trip was exotic; it was romantic. We also engaged in all sorts of whimsical improvisations. When our funds were low, we sang American pop songs a cappella on a street corner one afternoon until people had tossed enough money in our hat for us to afford a lavish meal at a fancy restaurant.

On another day we were in a village, sweaty from touring the countryside on a couple of rented bicycles. We decided to use someone's garden hose and "showered" in the shade of a farmhouse, the two of us buck naked and laughing beneath the chilly spray. The old farmer came around and stood thunderstruck and agape as he watched us. He enjoyed our exhibition so much he prepared us a huge dinner and gave us all the local wine we wanted to drink.

Those events hung between Hannah and me as the train bore us along through foreign landscapes. Everything had a brightness to it, like we were passing through magical realms. We smiled drowsily at each other.

"Remember Madame Moulin?" Hannah murmured.

Heat licked my cheeks. It wasn't embarrassment I felt, but the erotic allure of that particular episode. Even on this wild ride of ours, it was a standout.

"Could never forget her," I said, playing footsies with my dear friend as we slumped in our cushioned seats.

Madame Moulin had been a woman in her late 30s who had a fashion model's poise. Her face was beautiful, and she radiated a smoldering presence. When she walked, people looked. Her movements were like those of an elegant jungle cat, and her figure was so finely molded it was almost unreal. She was something out of a magazine fantasy.

Hannah and I had coquetted our way past the door to a club in some random city. It was a wild place, with industrial music pounding, lights spinning in a dizzying array, and bodies gyrating in sweaty madness on the dance floor. Hannah and I figured we could get somebody to buy us a couple drinks.

Our plan worked, and I sipped some sugary cocktail and fell into the dance pit. It was a very energetic scene. I danced my ass off, giving in to the thundering music. Bodies pressed against me on all sides. The casual contact was nonetheless charged with a sweet fiery sexuality. I pushed my butt into someone's crotch, and they playfully humped against me. Strangers' hands slid over my breasts and thighs. I didn't know if they belonged to men or women, but it really didn't matter. We were like one massive celebratory organism.

Occasionally, I caught a glimpse of Hannah in the crowd. She was having as great a time as me. Eventually, though, we both needed a break and went dancing toward the bar, with the intent to scrounge another round of drinks.

That was when a magnificent woman came sashaying out of nowhere, heading directly toward us. People watched her approach, and the bartenders leapt to attention. I was immediately struck by the loveliness of her, and the grace with which she carried herself.

The woman stopped and surveyed us, and I'd never felt so stripped naked by a pair of eyes. It was a wonderfully vulnerable sensation, but also like we were being considered for some great honor.

Finally, in a regal and beautifully accented voice, the woman said, "Champagne. Upstairs."

Hannah and I traded glowing looks and followed as the beauty swept off. She led us up flights of carpeted stairs and past a big black door. Inside the plush room, champagne chilled in buckets. The room's decor was extravagant, and when the door shut behind us, the music was cut off completely. There wasn't even a subliminal vibration. This place was some

kind of luxurious sanctuary.

She poured champagne for us and watched with the intensity of an exotic bird of prey as we drank. I marveled at the accommodations and noticed there was a massive bed in the room. I guessed that this elegant stranger owned the club.

Hannah raised her eyebrows at me, as if silently asking what was going on. I shrugged because I didn't know either. But the air seemed charged with eroticism as the woman radiated a cool, confident carnality.

The sexual nature of her intention was confirmed when the woman climbed up onto the dais where the monster bed lay. She undressed nonchalantly, letting her expensive-looking clothes fall carelessly to the floor. Once she was naked, she put her hands on her hips and observed us again. She appeared to be waiting.

I'd had a few lesbian episodes in my life already. Same as Hannah. We'd both enjoyed our experiences. But in that room, we were faced with something new. I'd seen Hannah nude plenty of times. I'd even been in the same room with her while she was fucking someone else. We had certainly never fucked the same person at the same time.

My salacious smile let my bestie know I was game. She didn't hesitate, grinning right back at me. We both stripped and climbed up to the bed.

Still standing, the woman put out her arms and pulled us both to her. Her skin was radiant and as smooth as silk. Her breasts were high and firm, the nipples succulent. When we were locked in her embrace, I automatically dropped my mouth onto her tit and sucked.

Hannah was kissing the woman, and their tongues entwined. I saw Hannah rubbing her pussy against the older woman's thigh, and that got me seriously streaming. I ran my hand over the woman's backside and squeezed her enticing ass cheek. Then it was my turn to kiss her. Her tongue met mine, and her mouth tasted like mint. She kissed me with mounting urgency, and excitement raced through my blood.

She drew us up onto the broad expanse of the bed. The animal-print throws were luxuriantly soft. It was the kind of bed where I could easily sleep for 20 hours.

But nobody had sleep in mind.

What followed was a wild sapphic threeway. The woman maintained a kind of gentle final authority in matters. Hannah and I found ourselves obeying whatever subtle cues she gave. No words were spoken. But we sighed and moaned, heaved and cried out, and grunted with primal joy.

I fingered the woman's pussy, finding her interior slick and hot. Hannah's fingers joined mine, and we worked her swollen clit until she put her head back and sang high octaves of ecstasy. Then I went down on our hostess. When I'd had my fill, Hannah took my place.

We were also well taken care of by our gracious lover. She produced an array of sex toys and saw to it that we each received a thorough fucking. She even strapped on an enormous dildo and took turns screwing us doggy-style.

"I threw my arms around his neck as his cock slammed into me, again and again."

Hannah and I had only casual contact with one another—a stray hand here, a grazing mouth there. There was no full-on fucking between us. Instead, the woman was our focus. At one point we had her on her side, with one leg lifted high. I licked at her slick pussy, while Hannah busily swabbed the woman's asshole with her tongue.

It was a crazy night. Our lover let us sleep there, and we did indeed almost snooze around the clock. Upon waking, our hostess was long gone, but the club's staff brought us a lavish breakfast.

Madame Moulin. That wasn't her real name. It was just what we called her.

We reminisced about her in low lazy voices on the train, thinking no one was listening, thinking English was our secret language. But we were wrong. Someone had been listening to the whole thing.

He introduced himself as Jaeger. He was dressed impeccably, a handsome man in his mid-20s, who looked like he might run his own business.

"If you are still seeking adventure, I can take you to a party," he said in smooth accented tones. "Many interesting people will be there. It's also very exclusive."

Hannah and I huddled. Honestly, if a similar run-in had happened back home, we probably would have dismissed the guy out of hand. But we were in our European frenzy, when anything seemed possible and nothing was forbidden. We both also knew our time was running out. Our continental tour would have to end soon. Neither of us wanted to have any regrets about opportunities not taken, so we got off the train at the next major city.

Jaeger had a car waiting. He put us up at a hotel, where we changed into some chic ensembles. Then he treated us to dinner at the establishment's high-end restaurant.

He paid the check without a blink and asked, "Are you two lovely ladies ready?"

I realized we didn't know any details about this "party," but we were ready anyway.

Jaeger's chauffeur drove us to the place. It was an ancient looming mansion, with a fleet of luxury cars parked out front. The staff admitted us, and I gawked at the fancy surroundings. Rooms led away into the deep recesses of the manor. A string quartet was playing somewhere. There were conversations in many languages, as well as bursts of laughter and tinkling glasses.

"The real fun is upstairs," Jaeger assured us. We followed him up the magnificent staircase. I had a sneaking suspicion of what we might find and soon silently agreed upstairs was indeed the site of the real fun.

Naked figures wandered around the connecting rooms. Sumptuous furniture was arrayed in strategic places, and bodies were sprawled together atop it all. With hands and mouths perpetually in motion, people fucked with abandon on the cushioned islands.

I drank in the erotic sights before me.

My pussy hummed with excitement, and my skin tingled. In a daze, I wandered into another room and saw couples on the carpeting, writhing and groaning as cocks plowed dripping cunts.

But it wasn't just couples. There were trios, fourways and writhing piles of naked humanity. I looked around for a place to leave my clothes. Jaeger was suddenly behind me, helping me out of my dress. I didn't realize he was already nude until I felt his hard cock brush against my ass.

I turned and took his rod in my hand. He leaned in, and we kissed with a runaway hunger. His hand closed over my breast, and I pumped his shaft. I didn't see Hannah anywhere, but I seriously doubted she would have bolted. I knew it would be her scene as much as it was mine.

Jaeger led me to a plush couch. We lay down, our bodies pressed together. I explored his muscles. He groped my ass and tweaked my nipples, while I played with his balls.

I rolled onto my back and pulled him on top of me. My pussy was ready, and Jaeger slotted his cock into me. He started stroking, and pleasure spread through me. All around us were the sounds of riotous fucking.

I threw my arms around his neck as his cock slammed into me, again and again. Our bodies smacked loudly together. But he soon picked up speed, grunting deep in his throat. The urbane man was gone, and a beast had replaced him. Jaeger fucked me harder and faster. My climax was rapidly blooming, and when he shot his load, I climaxed with him.

Jaeger didn't pause for much in the way of postcoital snuggling. He kissed my forehead, murmured something in his native tongue, and slipped away.

I was, I realized, free to go wherever I wanted. So I got up and wandered.

Sex was happening everywhere. The cast was vast. There must've been hundreds there. Hookups occurred without ceremony. There was no flirtation necessary. If one wanted a particular partner, one simply approached that person. No one seemed to be saying no to anyone in the place.

Finally, I simply lay down in the middle of a busy room. A handsome man crawled over to me. I beckoned him toward me for a sloppy kiss, and then he started sucking on my right tit.

The next thing I knew, a woman had moved in on my left and was sucking me as well. Her knowing tongue flicked my nip, and I sighed with pleasure. I stroked both their heads, running my fingers languidly through their hair.

I looked down over the heads of my suckling companions and saw a man kneeling before me. I parted my legs in invitation, and he dropped his face between my spread thighs. His tongue slithered along my slit. He delved inside my cunt, and my hips bucked. My two tit-suckers went at me with renewed effort as a long cry built in my throat.

I was humping hard against that anonymous face. He was tonguing my clit with cunning expertise. When I came, my voice was only one of a dozen within earshot shrieking in a similar sexual crescendo.

My suckling woman suddenly heaved up and laid her wet mouth across mine. I kissed her deep, our tongues dancing. She released a growl and hoarsely said something in a language I didn't understand. But I had the impression she'd asked me something.

Carefree, I simply nodded, and I was delighted when she sat up and flung her leg over my face. Without any further ceremony, she lowered her pussy onto my mouth.

I speared my tongue up into her. There I tasted the salty residue of jizz, as well as her natural pussy flavor. She moaned with pleasure and ground down on my face. I ate her vigorously, zeroing in on her clit.

Meanwhile, a body pushed between my legs. I raised my hips upward to signal my interest. Soon a cock—which belonged to someone I could not see because of the woman riding my face—was slotted into my pussy. A man was stroking eagerly in and out of me. The anonymity was exhilarating.

My female lover humped my mouth, and I coaxed and prodded her clitoris. Looking up, I watched with delight while she squeezed her own tits. The fucker between my legs was pounding me now, and a buzzing climax swept over me just as he—whoever he was—shot his cream into me.

The woman came on my face seconds later, then unsaddled herself.

In a wondrous sexual delirium, I went crawling off to find further fun. There was plenty to be had. I encountered a woman, who nodded toward my ass. I nodded back, not sure what she was after but eager to find out. As I was positioned on all fours, she parted my cheeks and licked my asshole.

A moment later, a man came along with his hard cock bobbing before him. The woman grabbed his shaft and pointed him toward my ass. I reared back as he pushed his slick cockhead against my asshole. Pleasure bloomed through me as he sank himself inside. I sighed and suddenly found a different man kneeling in front of me. I opened my mouth and took his offered cock, sucking him down to his balls.

The ass-fucker struck a steady pace, and the other man began to earnestly fuck my face—his balls slapping my chin. The men worked in sync and came within seconds of each other. I drank down one stranger's cream as another's hot goo filled my rear passage.

More and more fun followed until finally I came across Hannah. We dressed and left, utterly spent. Jaeger's car took us back to the hotel, where we took a shower together and fell into bed, with our arms around one another. Sometime in the night, we drifted awake and made slow sleepy love.

I loved her so much. I realized then that when we returned to America, we would arrive as a couple, forever bonded by our mutual adventure.

—P. Vargas

Ever been to an orgy? A cocktail party that tumbled into a group grope? A neighborly relaxation in a hot tub that bubbled into a torrid scene? Why not share the tale with your fellow readers? Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

WHO KNEW FATE COULD BE SO FAN-FUCKING-TASTIC?

WHATTA HONEY!

COLE, my husband, had a big project due, which meant he receded into his office—not unlike a turtle hiding away in its shell. Typical for Cole, but it's hard for me not to get bored when he does this.

Dinners out, dancing at the club, strolls on the beach, fucking—it all goes on hold until he meets his deadline. That's the way it's always been.

So, when I hit the local farmers market in search of produce, I also knew I was in search of something more. Something to feed an entirely different appetite.

The honey guy was set up by the market's entrance. He leaned against a big red vintage truck, and my heart kicked up a notch. He smiled at me, and the muscles in his big arms flexed—and that notch turned into notches.

He stood up straight with his faded jeans hanging low on his lean hips. I licked my lips and then forced my gaze to settle on his wares, so I wasn't totally obvious about what I was actually craving.

"What can I do for you?" he finally asked.

Heat rose in my cheeks, and I shifted my stance. Inside my panties, my pussy had grown wet, swollen and demanding. I had to harness my thoughts before opening my mouth.

"Something sweet," I said softly. "But not too sweet." I looked up at him, hoping he got my meaning.

Something in his dark eyes told me he did.

"Something that goes with everything. Dessert or appetizers. Sweet or savory. Something sticky," I said, batting my lashes.

He grinned at me, and a little jolt of arousal shot straight to my cunt.

"I think this variety is what you're looking for: Clover Supreme. But I also think maybe you'd like a tour of my farm." He paused and waited for my response.

I made an affirmative sound as I felt my heart beating crazily in my chest. Then I finally said, "I would like that."

He moved closer to his side of the table and leaned forward to say, "I'll be packing up to head out in about an hour."

> **"He was so deep in me that every movement pushed me closer to another sensational climax."**

I nodded, chewing my lower lip. He noticed and licked his own lips. My cunt clenched in hopeful anticipation.

"I can keep myself busy until then," I told him.

"Perfect. Meet me back here."

I couldn't wait.

I wandered the market until an hour had passed. I returned to his stall and guessed he was also eager for our meetup because he was already packed up and waiting for me.

I agreed to follow him in my car, and my little VW Bug practically purred in sympathetic excitement. The next thing I knew I was trundling down a backcountry road behind a handsome, hunky guy driving a big red truck.

I shoved my hand under my skirt, knifing the edge of it against my sex through my panties. The pressure on my clit was both wonderful and terrible. It made me want to come that much more. It made me increasingly desperate.

At the farm, he parked by a barn, and I thought how very cinematic the whole thing was. But the thought was fleeting because he whisked open my door and tugged me out. I went to him, my white skirt flying out behind me.

Our connection was pure animalistic attraction and desire, and it was perfect.

We kissed passionately. Names weren't important.

He turned me to face his truck. I put my hands on the tailgate and let him hike up my skirt to my waist. He slid my white panties down my legs, and I shivered.

His hands explored me, his palms gliding over my bare ass. He stroked my inner thigh, his touch so ticklish and light I felt goose bumps rising on my skin. My pussy let loose a small flood of warm desire, and he found it with his fingers. He slid a digit inside me and hummed softly as he pressed his lips against the back of my neck.

I made an appreciative sound, and he added a second finger to the first, thrusting deep. His suckling at my neck was followed by the scrape of his teeth, and my whole body reacted with a shudder. I braced my hands against the sun-warmed metal of the truck and rocked back toward him.

He moved behind me, and I heard the jingle of his belt buckle and the rasp of his zipper. His pants pooled around his feet, and his hands clutched my hips as he thrust his cock into me hard and fast. I lifted up on my tiptoes, grunting appreciatively. He gripped me more tightly, folding his muscular body over mine as he fucked me. Every thrust drove his shaft in deep.

I clenched my cunt around him tightly and heard him gasp. I tipped my head back, letting my long hair drape down my back. He took a hank in his hand like a rein and pulled it gently. He tugged my hair back and down, repeatedly thrusting up and into me. I felt my whole body grow tight with passion.

I clenched my pussy again, and that was that. My orgasm shook me, and I let go as my climax totally consumed me.

Once I caught my breath, I pushed off the truck and moved, causing him to withdraw from my snatch. I grabbed his wrist and tugged him toward the nearby field. It was vibrant and lush, and I'd always wondered what it would be like to fuck in grass like that.

He'd left his sneakers and pants behind and yanked his tee off over his head. I pushed my skirt off and tossed it to the side. I laid back on his shirt and spread my thighs wide. I wanted him to see how ready I was for him to fuck me some more.

The sun warmed my skin as he studied me for a moment. Then he got down on his hands and knees and brought his mouth to my pussy. I hummed happily, put my hand on the back of his head and bucked my hips up to meet his mouth.

His tongue was hot and wet as it toured my pussy folds. He found my clit swiftly and tickled it over and over again with the tip of his tongue. I was drunk with pleasure and held his head to my crotch as I pushed up against his face shamelessly. He thrust his rigid tongue into my cunt. But when I groaned with frustration, he returned to my clit.

I held him there, moving with him, as he brought me up, up, up—until I came with a shout of exhilaration.

His movements were hurried as he pushed his body between my thighs. His mouth toured my neck and shoulder, and then his lips captured one nipple. He sucked on it, and the ensuing sensation swirled from my chest to my pussy.

"Again," I demanded.

He moved to the other nipple and repeated his action. He sucked greedily, then used his tongue to trace the nub of flesh. He nipped me hard, and I yelped, thrusting my hips up wildly. He shushed me and pushed my hips down, holding me steady.

Next, he slid his cock into me slowly. Very slowly. So slowly I nearly started to beg. But then he was seated fully inside me, and I gripped his broad back. He glistened with sweat in the bright sunlight as he started to move inside me. He looked like some great sex god come to Earth.

"Sticky goodness splashed against my skin. I felt the heat of his release coat my rear."

He soon found his rhythm, and I pulled my legs up to wrap them around his trim waist. The movement fully opened my body to him, and he groaned with pleasure.

I held him and once more squeezed my internal muscles, and he sighed softly.

"Don't come in me," I said, clutching his buff body. God, he was hard all over. What a pleasure! "I want you to come on me," I told him.

"Where?" he asked, practically panting.

"My chest, my face—wherever you want. Where do you want to come?" I cooed at him seductively.

He made a caveman-like noise, and a thrill unfurled deep inside me.

I love to drive a man wild. I love to see a guy come unhinged with lust.

"On your ass," he finally said. "Your sweet, shapely ass."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," I assured him.

I grabbed a handful of his hair, yanking him toward me and kissing him roughly, all the while bumping my pelvis up to meet his bucking body.

He was so deep in me that every movement pushed me closer to another sensational climax. But I wasn't one to argue with pleasure and succumbed to another orgasm.

He hissed between his teeth. It was the sound of a man barely holding on to his self-control. I pushed him back, and he sprawled in the grass with a stunned look on his face. I laughed softly, getting on my hands and knees and shaking my ass at him.

"Come on, tough guy," I said. "Double entendre intended."

He rose to his knees and grabbed my hips. He thrust into me again roughly. He was following his own needs, now that mine had been sated repeatedly.

He fucked me like a madman, and then a gasp escaped his lips as he pulled back. I swear I heard the slide of his callused hand on his cock.

Wet, sticky goodness splashed against my skin. I felt the heat of his release coat my rear.

I never liked being bored, but truth be told, I didn't mind so much when Cole had projects. It gave me a chance for some extramarital fun.

—L.L., San Diego, Calif.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

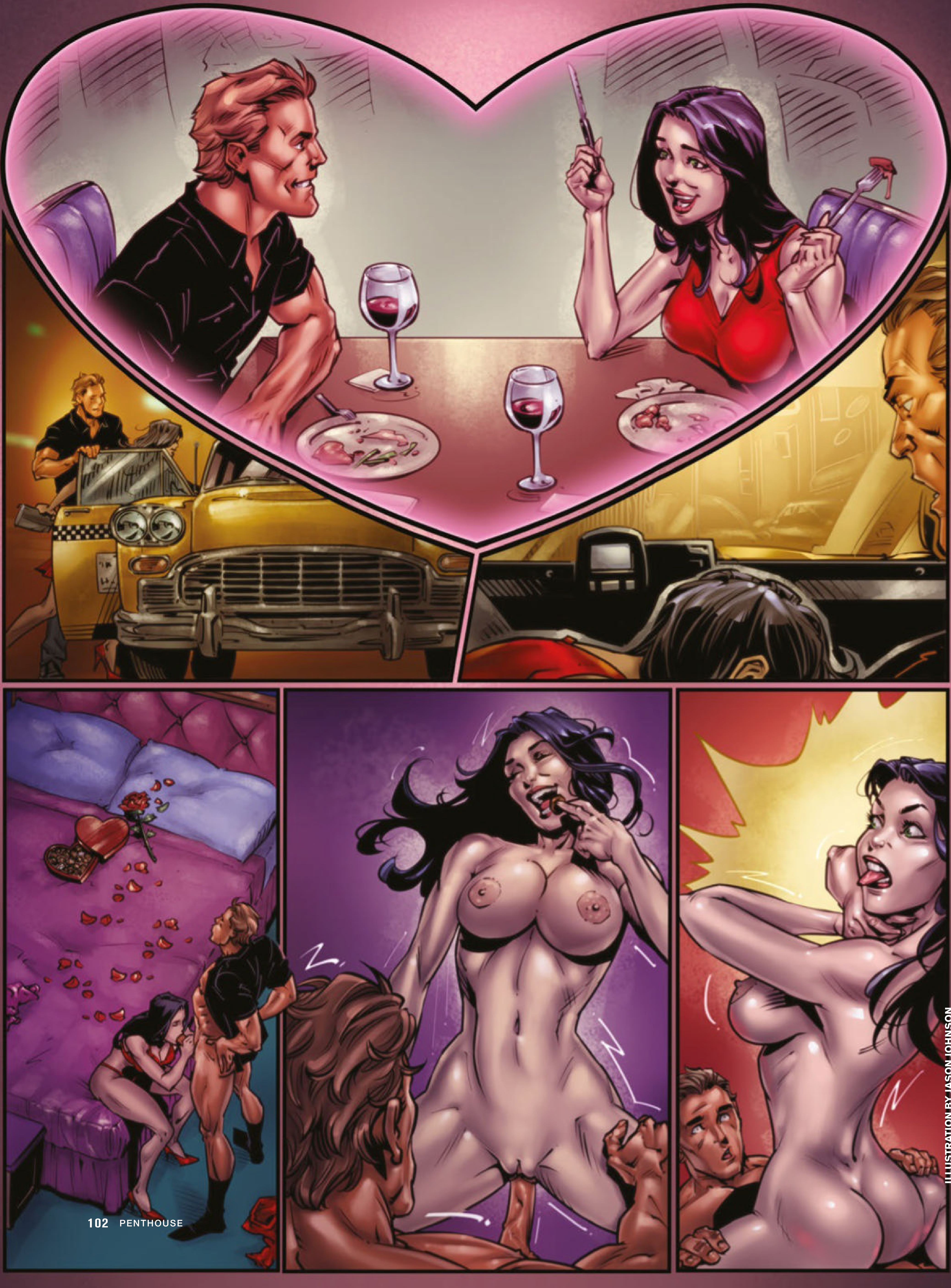


ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

AW, NUTS!

MY relationship with Marie was going really well, and I wanted to plan a special Valentine's Day date. So, I rented us a penthouse suite at a swanky hotel. The place had floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the glittering lights of the city and a plush king-size bed that I'd requested be sprinkled with rose petals. Dorky, I know. But I hoped it might earn me some brownie points—and maybe a bitchin' blowjob, too.

Not that Marie's regular BJs are anything to sneeze at. During our second date, my girl parted her pillowy lips and gave me a surprisingly awesome first-time hummer right there on her living room couch. I shot my load down her throat sooner than I'd hoped, but my climax was so intense my face felt numb for a long while afterward.

For our Valentine's dinner, I made reservations for us at a five-star restaurant in Midtown. It was a place Marie had said was on her bucket list, but it was nearly impossible to get a table there. However, one of my buddies frequently wines and dines well-heeled clients at the best joints in the city. He pulled some strings and easily hooked me up.

I picked up Marie at her apartment. Her long brunette hair hung in shining waves around her shoulders. She wore a short crimson cocktail dress and matching high heels. Red-hot, indeed!

The weather was unseasonably pleasant, so she just tossed a light wrap over her shoulders and grabbed her small overnight bag, and we hopped into a cab.

She practically squealed with excitement as I steered her into the restaurant. She savored every morsel and every sip of Bordeaux, proclaiming the night her best date ever.

I was feeling pretty full of myself and couldn't wait for her to see the hotel room.

During our next taxi ride, Marie pawed at my crotch, stroking the burgeoning erection rapidly coming to life beneath my dress pants. I glanced in the rearview mirror, but saw the driver was paying us no mind. Even so, I placed my hand on her wrist to still her. I was worried I might shoot off in my boxers before we even got to the bed!

When I unlocked the door to the suite, even I was impressed. There was a bottle of champagne chilling in an ice-filled bucket, and a heart-shaped box of chocolates was on the bed, which was covered with fragrant red flower petals as requested.

Marie turned and gave me a cock-stiffening smooch. She quickly turned my semihard dick into a ramrod stiff stiffy!

After we parted, I poured us flutes of bubbly, and my girl looked like she was on cloud nine. She downed the final bit of her champagne, and she yanked her dress up over her head, which left her in a lacy red bra and matching panties and her stilettos.

She sat on the edge of the bed, grabbed my waistband and pulled me between her thighs. Then she unfastened my belt buckle and pants and fished out my dick. She circled her tongue around my crown, and I released a helpless groan. She bobbed on my boner but stopped just before I lost control.

Next, she stripped off her lingerie and purred, "Get naked, and get on the bed."

I obeyed and reclined against a nest of fluffy pillows with my spit-slickened cock sticking straight in the air.

Marie impaled herself on my rod. She rested one hand on my chest for leverage and began to bounce. Meanwhile, with her free hand she reached over and knocked the lid off the box of chocolates.

"This is all pretty sweet," she whispered before taking a bite out of one of the candies.

Marie continued to pogo on my peen, but within minutes, she was coughing and wheezing and jumped off my dick.

"Dude, this has peanuts in it! I'm allergic! Are you trying to kill me?!" she barked as she dumped the contents of her purse on the mattress.

She grabbed a prescription injection and jabbed the needle in her thigh as she panted and glared at me.

I tried to explain the candy was a freebie from the hotel, and then I made a colossal error by saying, "You never told me you were allergic to nuts!"

Fuming, she replied, "I told you the first night we met. You never listen!"

I was mortified. I racked my brain, but I couldn't remember her saying anything of the sort. I must have been too busy staring at her tits. To be fair, they're fabulous.

Fortunately, the drug did the trick. She was OK, but I can't say the same for our relationship. She dressed, grabbed her things and left. And that was the last time I ever saw her.

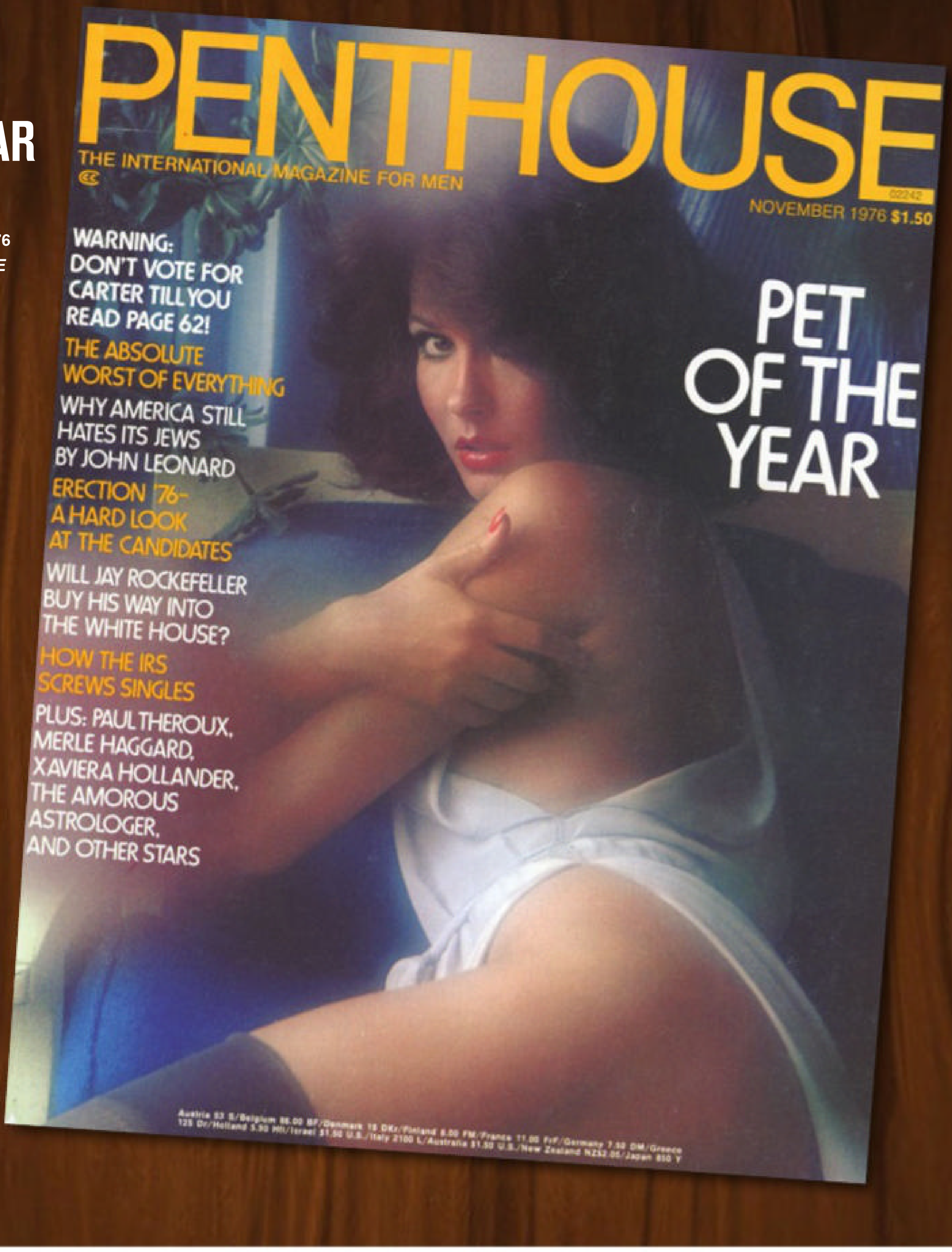
—P.L., New York, N.Y.

FLASHBACK

THE PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE

VOLUME 7, ISSUE 11, 1976

LAURA BENNETT DOONE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PRINTED IN CANADA
Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

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